



NYOKA
THE JUNGLE GIRL

New Action Packed Adventures



No 14

NYOKA

THE JUNGLE GIRL

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

10¢

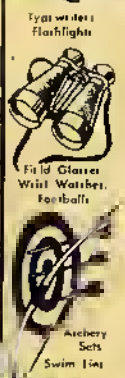


The image is a dense collage of vintage comic book covers, primarily from the mid-20th century. The covers are arranged in a grid-like fashion, overlapping slightly. Titles visible include "Supermouse", "Jetta", "Mystery Comics", "Fantastic Tales", "Cosmo Cat", "Startling Comics", "Strange Mysteries", "Daring Adventures", "Famous Funnies", "Hilarious Raucous", "Teen-Age Sweetheart", "Duck", "Eerie", "Exciting Comics", "Casper Cat", and "Barnyard Comics". Many covers feature colorful illustrations of superheroes, cartoon characters, and action scenes. A large, dark purple speech bubble with a white outline is centered over the collage. Inside the bubble, the text "WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font. The overall aesthetic is nostalgic and vibrant, reflecting the classic comic book art style.

GIVEN! BOYS! GIRLS! LADIES! MEN!

WE GIVE YOU CASH OR PREMIUMS!

JUDY and JIM DEFY SAVAGE GORILLA!



RANGER

ACT NOW!

WE TRUST YOU

LOOK! LIVE PONY!

BE FIRST

Swim Marks

Axe & Knife Sets

Pocket Watches

Swim Flies

Telescopes

Boys' Bicycles

Flashlights

Ukulele

Electric Deep Tissue Wrist Watches

Wagons

Concord Camera with Carrying Case

White Cloverine Brand Salve

Wrist Watches

Wagons

Wagons

22 Calibre Daisy Air Rifles

Don't Delay!

MAIL COUPON

ACT NOW!

WE TRUST YOU

LET'S GO!

BIG CATALOG!

ACT NOW!

WILSON CHEMICAL CO., DEPT. 99, TYRONE, PA. DATE.....

Gentlemen: Please send me on trial 14 colorful pictures with 14 boxes of White CLOVERINE Brand SALVE to sell at 35c a box (with picture). I will remit amount asked within 30 days, select a Premium or keep Cash Commission as explained under Premium wanted in catalog sent with order, postage paid to start.

NAME..... AGE.....

ST. R. D. BOX.....

TOWN..... ZONE NO. STATE.....

PRINT LAST NAME HERE.....

Poste coupon on postal card or mail in envelope today

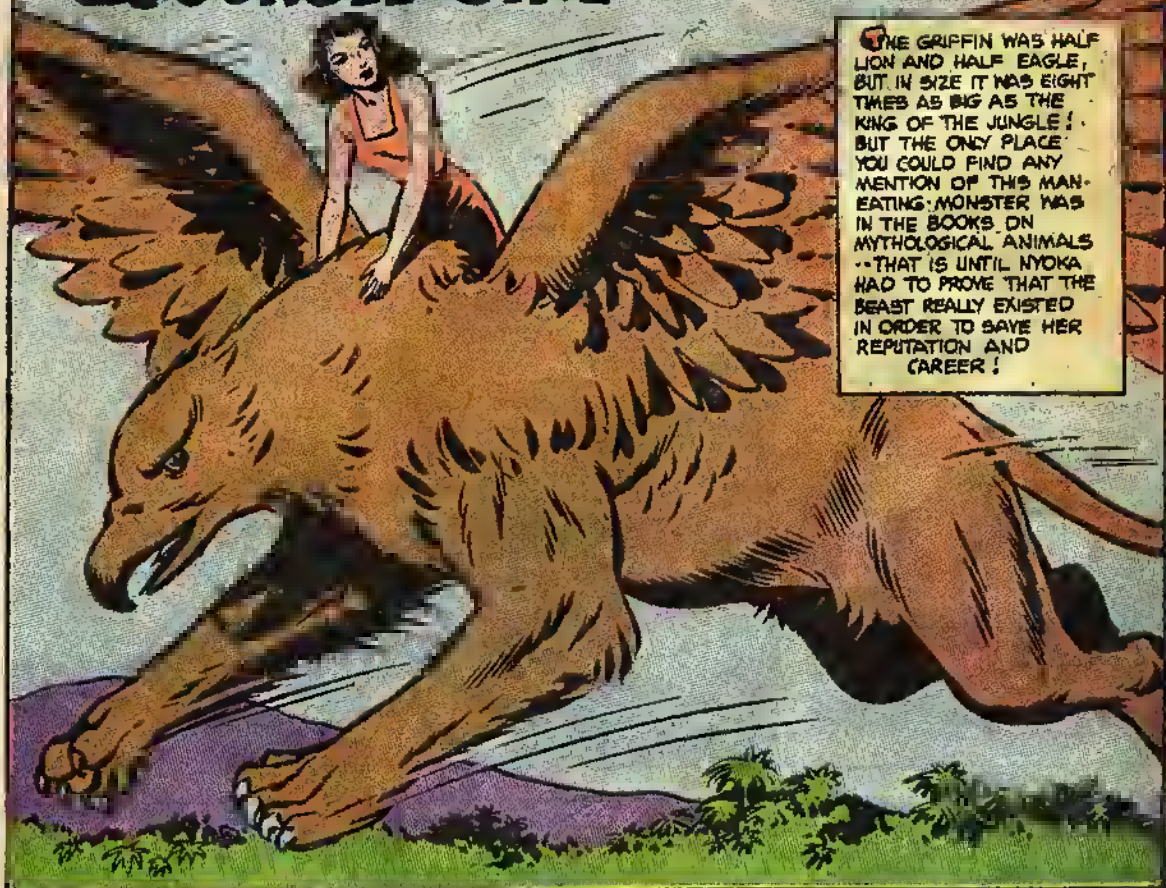
NYOKA

NYOKA

the JUNGLE GIRL

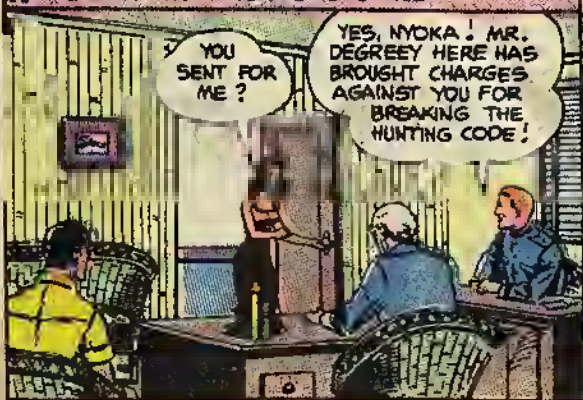
the SINISTER JUNGLE MYTH

CHAPTER ONE—
THE GRIFFIN: REAL OR FABLE



THE GRIFFIN WAS HALF LION AND HALF EAGLE, BUT IN SIZE IT WAS EIGHT TIMES AS BIG AS THE KING OF THE JUNGLE! BUT THE ONLY PLACE YOU COULD FIND ANY MENTION OF THIS MAN-EATING MONSTER WAS IN THE BOOKS ON MYTHOLOGICAL ANIMALS -- THAT IS UNTIL NYOKA HAD TO PROVE THAT THE BEAST REALLY EXISTED IN ORDER TO SAVE HER REPUTATION AND CAREER!

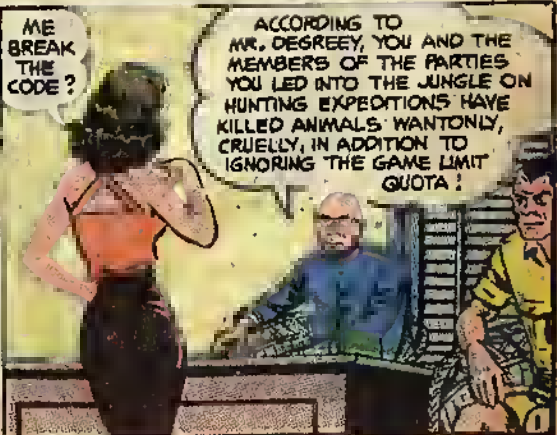
AT THE JUNGLE COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE ---



YOU SENT FOR ME?

YES, NYOKA! MR. DEGREEY HERE HAS BROUGHT CHARGES AGAINST YOU FOR BREAKING THE HUNTING CODE!

ME BREAK THE CODE?



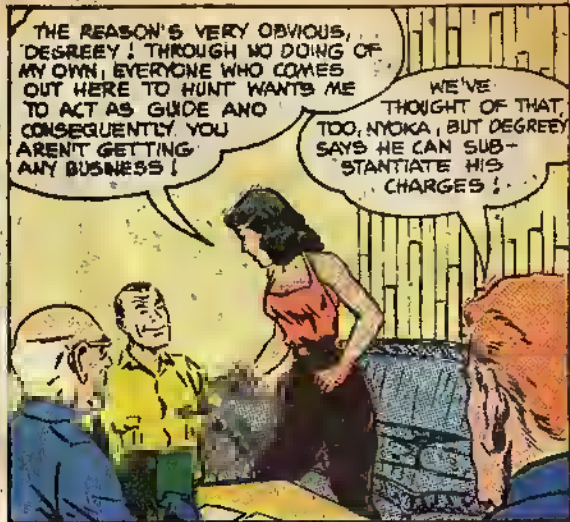
ACCORDING TO MR. DEGREEY, YOU AND THE MEMBERS OF THE PARTIES YOU LED INTO THE JUNGLE ON HUNTING EXPEDITIONS HAVE KILLED ANIMALS WANTONLY, CRUELLY, IN ADDITION TO IGNORING THE GAME LIMIT QUOTA!

NYOKA



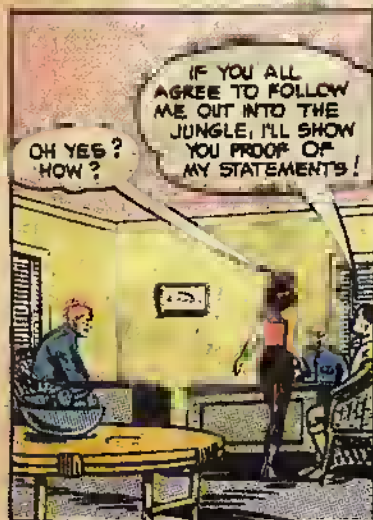
THAT'S A LIE! DEGREY MADE UP THAT STORY!

NOW WHY SHOULD I WANT TO DO A THING LIKE THAT, NYOKA?



THE REASON'S VERY OBVIOUS, DEGREY! THROUGH NO DOING OF MY OWN, EVERYONE WHO COMES OUT HERE TO HUNT WANTS ME TO ACT AS GUIDE AND CONSEQUENTLY YOU AREN'T GETTING ANY BUSINESS!

WE'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, TOO, NYOKA, BUT DEGREY SAYS HE CAN SUBSTANTIATE HIS CHARGES!



OH YES? HOW?

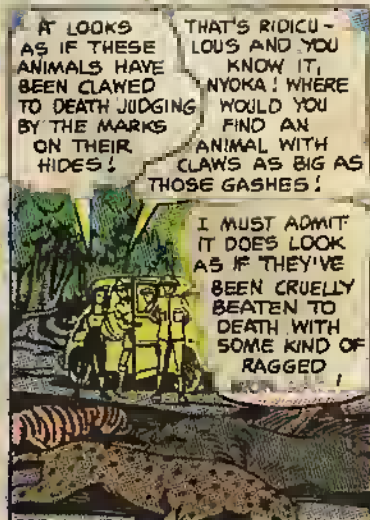
IF YOU ALL AGREE TO FOLLOW ME OUT INTO THE JUNGLE, I'LL SHOW YOU PROOF OF MY STATEMENTS!



ON THE JUNGLES--

LOOK, THERE'S THE FIRST BATCH OF THE WANTONLY KILLED ANIMALS!

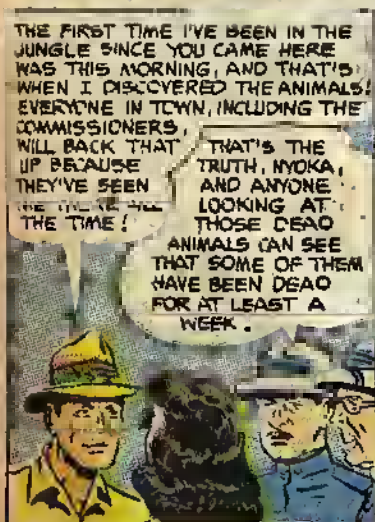
STOP THE CAR SO WE CAN HAVE A CLOSE LOOK AT THEM!



IT LOOKS AS IF THESE ANIMALS HAVE BEEN CLAWED TO DEATH JUDGING BY THE MARKS ON THEIR HIDES!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS AND YOU KNOW IT, NYOKA! WHERE WOULD YOU FIND AN ANIMAL WITH CLAWS AS BIG AS THOSE GASHES!

I MUST ADMIT IT DOES LOOK AS IF THEY'VE BEEN CRUELLY BEATEN TO DEATH WITH SOME KIND OF RAGGED



THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN IN THE JUNGLE SINCE YOU CAME HERE WAS THIS MORNING, AND THAT'S WHEN I DISCOVERED THE ANIMALS! EVERYONE IN TOWN, INCLUDING THE COMMISSIONERS, WILL BACK THAT UP BECAUSE THEY'VE SEEN THE DEAD ANIMALS THE TIME!

THAT'S THE TRUTH, NYOKA, AND ANYONE LOOKING AT THOSE DEAD ANIMALS CAN SEE THAT SOME OF THEM HAVE BEEN DEAD FOR AT LEAST A WEEK.



I'M AFRAID THAT MEANS ONLY YOU OR SOME MEMBER OF YOUR PARTY COULD HAVE BEEN GUILTY OF THIS!

I ADMIT IT LOOKS BAD, BUT I GIVE YOU MY WORD THAT NEITHER I NOR ANY MEMBER OF ANY OF MY HUNTING PARTIES WAS RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS!



WHAT CAN WE DO NOW?

I SUGGEST WE GO BACK TO THE OFFICE AND HOLD A MEETING!

NYOKA

LATER, IN THE COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE IN TOWN --



YOU MEAN YOU HOPE I GET WHAT YOU HOPE I DESERVE -- SO YOU WON'T HAVE ANY COMPETITION!

WE HAVE KNOWN YOU FOR A LONG TIME, NYOKA, AND FIND IT HARD TO BELIEVE THAT YOU WOULD HAVE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH SUCH A COWARDLY ACT.

IF IT WAS ANYONE ELSE BUT YOU, NYOKA, WE WOULD HAVE REVOKED HIS HUNTING LICENSE IMMEDIATELY! BUT BECAUSE OF YOUR REPUTATION WE HAVE DECIDED TO GIVE YOU TWENTY-FOUR HOURS

TO BRING PROOF TO IGNORE THE EVIDENCE!

THAT YOU WEREN'T RESPONSIBLE FOR THOSE WANTON KILLINGS!



IF YOU CAN'T DO THAT, NYOKA, WE WILL HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO SUSPEND YOUR HUNTING AND GUIDE LICENSE!

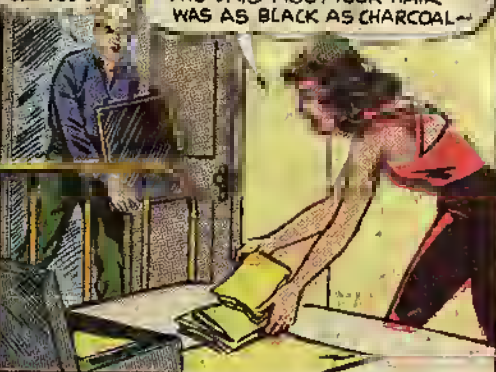
TWENTY-FOUR HOURS! THAT DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH TIME TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE, ESPECIALLY WHEN I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT CAUSED THOSE ANIMALS' DEATHS!



BUT AS NYOKA STARTS PACKING IN HER HOTEL ROOM --

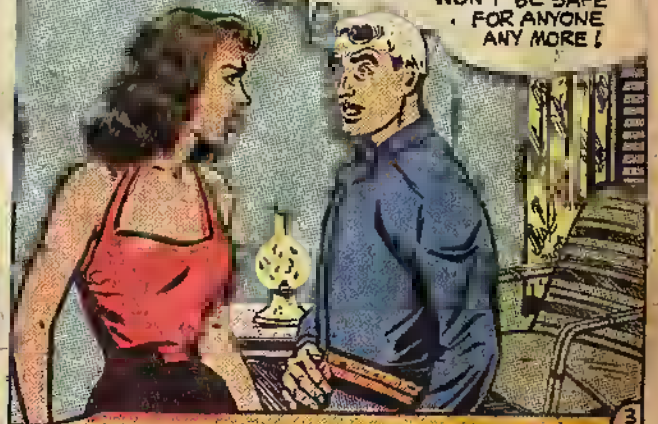
EXCUSE ME FOR BARGING IN, NYOKA, BUT I JUST HAD TO SEE YOU!

PIERRE PASTEL! WHAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU? WHEN YOU LEFT HERE TO GO OUT INTO THE JUNGLE TO PAINT SOME NATURE SCENES TWO DAYS AGO, YOUR HAIR WAS AS BLACK AS CHARCOAL--



--BUT NOW IT'S AS WHITE AS SNOW!

AFTER WHAT I SAW, NYOKA, I'M LUCKY ALL MY HAIR DIDN'T FALL OUT! YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT OR THE JUNGLES WON'T BE SAFE FOR ANYONE ANY MORE!



MYSTERY! MAGIC! SCIENCE! FUN!

To Amuse and Amaze Your Friends

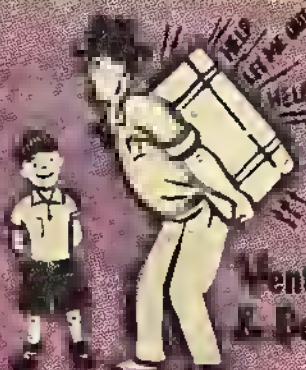
A necessary tool for the amateur magician and a good joke too. Plastic, 14 inches long with white tips and a black center. 5 exciting tricks—Rises, jumps, produces silk, etc. No. 240. **1.50**

5 IN 1
WAND

Boomerang

Here's something new in target throwing. In case you miss, it comes right back to you, and bingo! you're all set to "fire" again. More fun than a "barrel of monkeys" No. 141. **50¢**

THROW YOUR VOICE



Ventro
Book

Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist" No. 137. **25¢**

RADIO MIKE

Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome, enameled metal 4 inches high. No. 112. **1.98**

LOOK-BACK SCOPE

Your chance to have eyes in back of your head. See behind or alongside and no one knows you are watching. Fun everywhere you go. No. 146. **35¢**



TALKING TEETH

They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good. It's a set of big false teeth that when wound up, start to chatter away, like crazy. A great comic effect for false teeth on cold nights. No. 513. **1.25**



WHOOPEE CUSHION

Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings. No. 247. **50¢**



TRICK BASEBALL

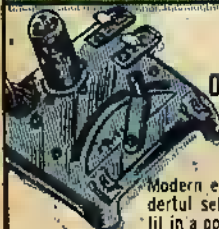
It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips. It's impossible to catch. It's sure to get all the kids on the block spinning after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball. No. 158. **50¢**



POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size... Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

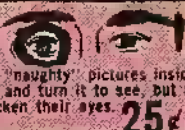
Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio. No. 205. **3.98**



BLACK EYE JOKE



Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. They'll twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacken their eyes. No. 216. **25¢**



Costume Set Designed for Every Boy

Style 160 — For you he-men, we've got the newest, most exciting and tremendous play suit of its time. A complete Superman outfit in fine durable washable rayon gabardine. Outfit includes red cape with screened Superman figure, navy and red suit with gilt figure "S", and belt. Be first to get this wonderful outfit. Sizes 4-14. **6.98**



ELECTRIC MOTOR

6000 RPM



—Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same. Yes, you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high-power motor. And the fun you are going to get from using it. It's so simple, and your motor is ready to turn out 6000 r.p.m.'s of power to work for you. The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute. No. 052. **Only 50¢**

JOY BUZZER



The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim on his feet with a "shocking sensation." Absolutely harmless. No. 239. **Only 50¢**

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N.Y. Dept. 63
Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$1.00. D.
If you are not satisfied, I will return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial. Full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM	NAME OF ITEM	HOW MANY	TOTAL PRICE

☐ I enclose \$_____ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

NYOKA

THIS IS THE MOST FEROCIOUS BEAST I'VE EVER SEEN! ONE SLOW FROM ITS CLAW IS ENOUGH TO RIP THE SIDE OF A LION AND KILL IT INSTANTLY!

HUH? I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE! WHERE DID YOU GET THE PAINTING?



I WAS PROWLING AROUND THE JUNGLE LOOKING FOR A GOOD SCENE TO PAINT WHEN I SUDDENLY CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE MONSTER!



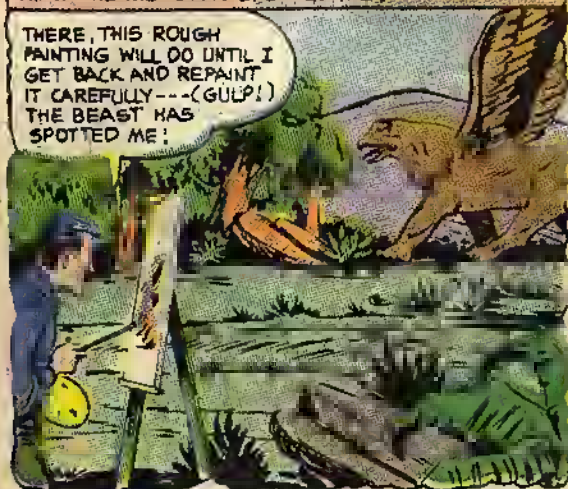
EVEN THOUGH MY INSTINCTS TOLD ME I SHOULD RUN, THE ARTIST IN ME COULDN'T RESIST THE TEMPTATION TO SKETCH THIS FANTASTIC LOOKING ANIMAL!



I HAVE TO GET THIS ANIMAL ON CANVAS OR NO ONE WILL EVER BELIEVE ME!

BUT NO SOONER HAD I FINISHED THE PAINTING THAN THE MONSTER SPOTTED ME!

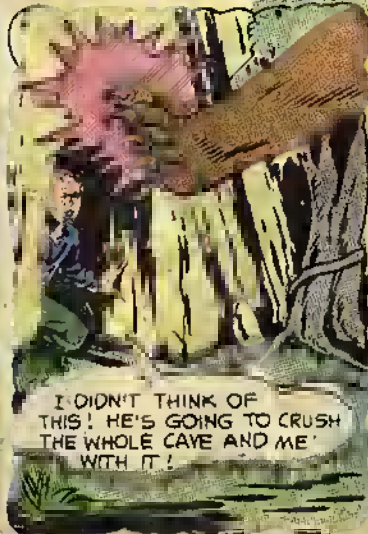
THERE, THIS ROUGH PAINTING WILL DO UNTIL I GET BACK AND REPAINT IT CAREFULLY---(GULP!) THE BEAST HAS SPOTTED ME!



IT'S THE SIZE OF A SKY-SCRAPER, BUT IT HAS THE SPEED OF A RACE HORSE! I'M DONE FOR!

BUT THEN FORTUNATELY I SPOTTED A CAVE AND---

I'LL BE SAFE IN HERE! THE SIZE OF THAT MONSTER WILL PREVENT IT FROM COMING IN AFTER ME!



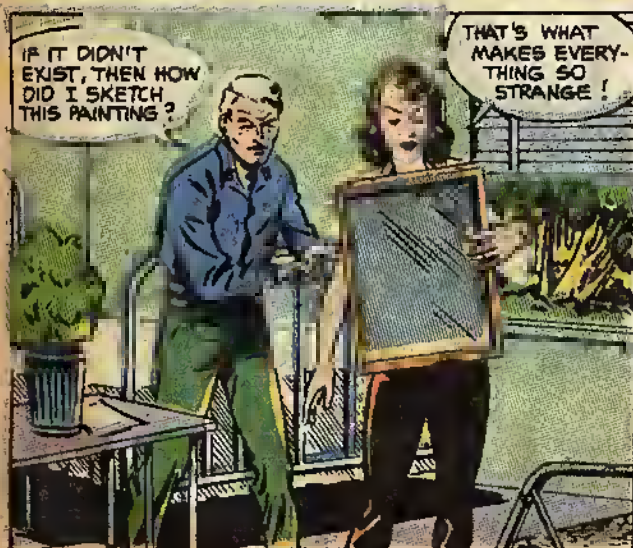
I DIDN'T THINK OF THIS! HE'S GOING TO CRUSH THE WHOLE CAVE AND ME WITH IT!

BUT LUCK SMILED AT ME, FOR JUST THEN A LION DRIFTED BY, AND THE MONSTER FORGOT ABOUT ME AND WENT AFTER IT!

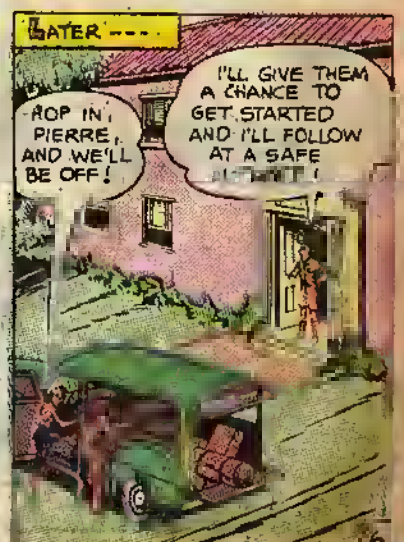
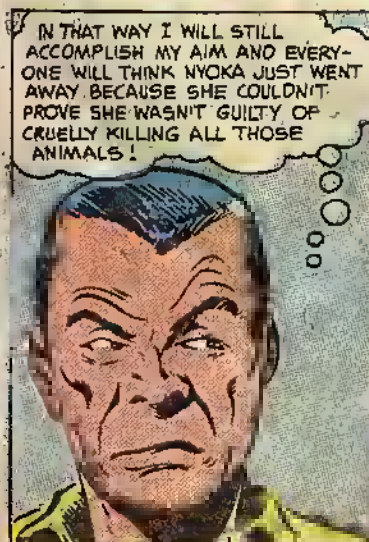
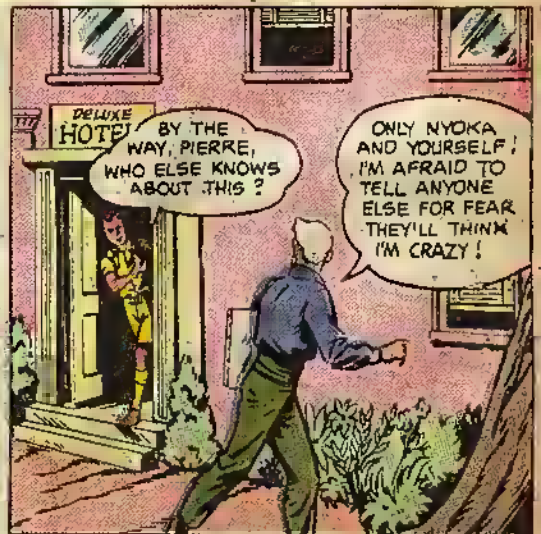
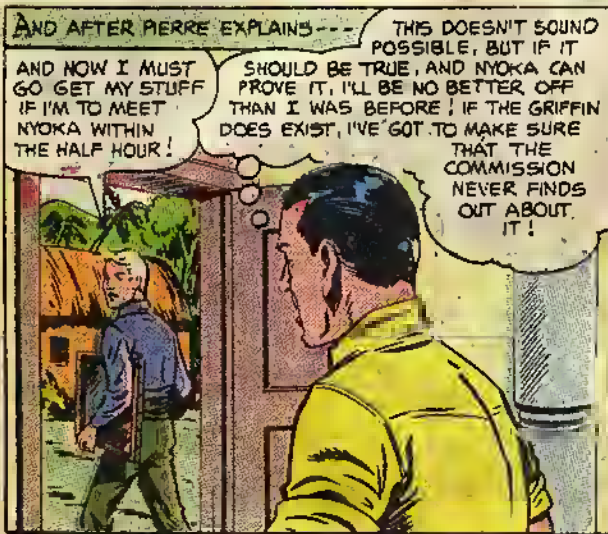
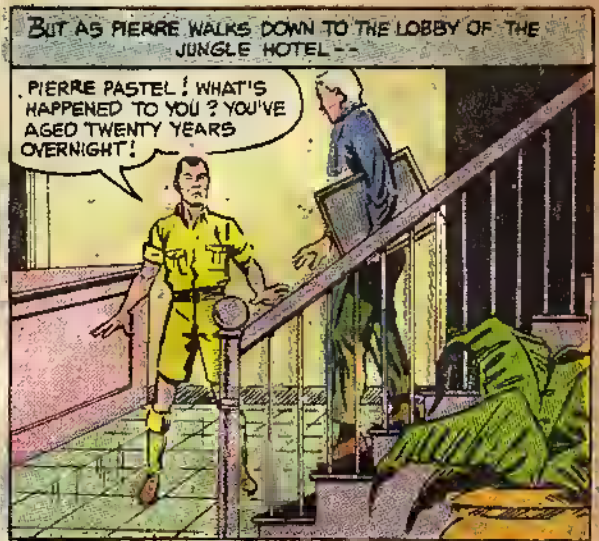
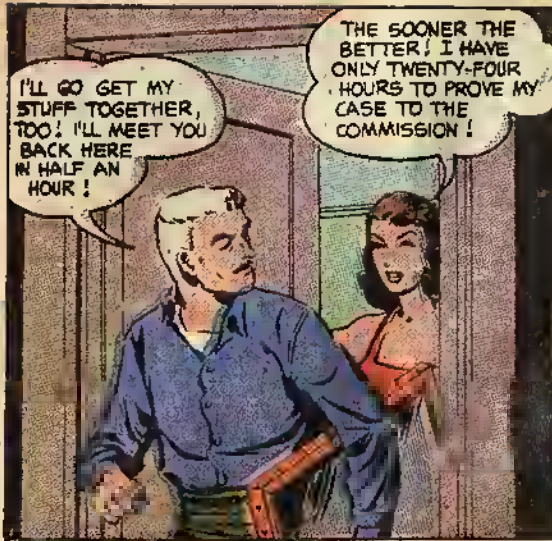


(GULP!) IT CAN FLY TOO! WELL, WHILE IT'S BUSY GOING AFTER THE KING OF THE JUNGLE, THIS IS A CHANCE TO GET OUT OF HERE.

NYOKA



NYOKA



NYOKA

THAT NIGHT IN THE JUNGLE---



SHORTLY AFTER---



NYOKA

NYOKA

the JUNGLE
GIRL

and THE SINISTER Jungle Myth

CHAPTER II THE MONSTER'S LAIR



BUT DEGREEY'S AIM IS OFF AND ---

HUH! WHERE
DID THAT
SHOT COME
FROM?

OH, OH, I MISSED HER! I COULD
TAKE ANOTHER SHOT AT HER,
BUT I DON'T WANT TO CHANCE
MISSING HER AGAIN! THE THING
TO DO IS HIDE AND WAIT FOR A
BETTER OPPORTUNITY!

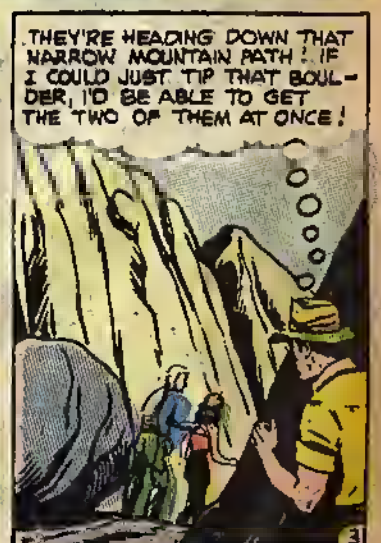
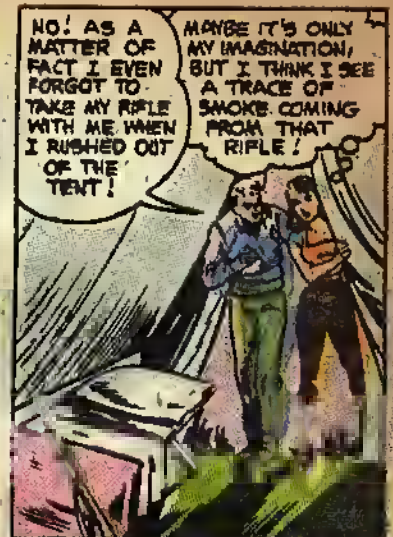
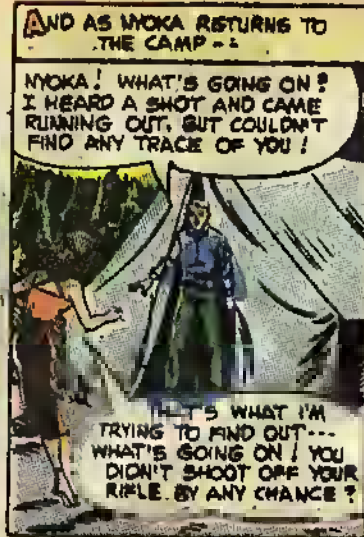


AND ALTHOUGH DEGREEY MISSED NYOKA, HE LEFT
THE UNARMED JUNGLE GIRL AT THE MERCY OF THE
FERDIOUS TIGER!

NYOKA



NYOKA



NYOKA



NYOKA!
NYOKA! WATCH
OUT!



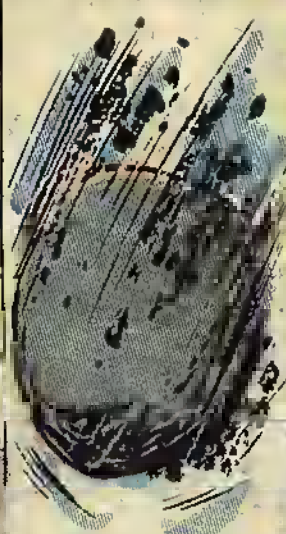
A BOULDER!
BUT WHAT CAN I DO?
THERE'S NO PLACE TO
JUMP TO LET IT
ROLL PAST ME!



THERE'S A
HOLE IN THE TRAIL
---ALMOST AS BIG
AS A FOXHOLE!

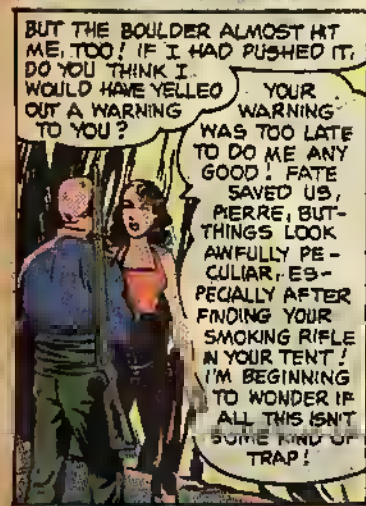


I ONLY HOPE THE MOMEN-
TUM OF THE BOULDER WILL
KEEP IT ROLLING RIGHT OVER
THE TOP OF THIS HOLE
WITHOUT CRUSHING ME!



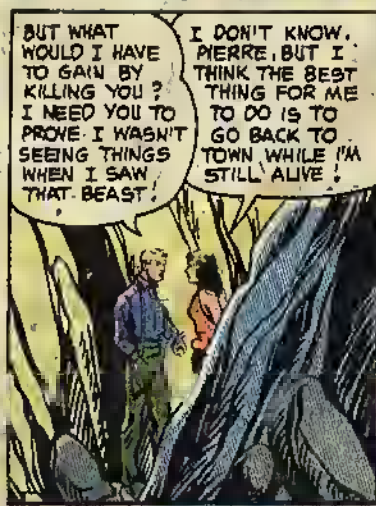
NYOKA! THANK GOODNESS
YOU'RE ALIVE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
THANK GOODNESS?
IF YOU DIDN'T START
THE BOULDER DOWN
ONTO THE TRAIL,
WHO DID?



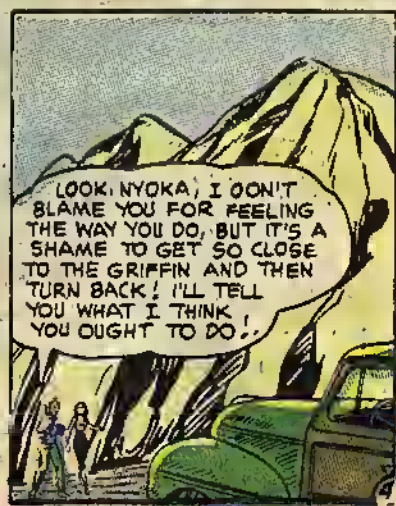
BUT THE BOULDER ALMOST HIT
ME, TOO! IF I HAD PUSHED IT,
DO YOU THINK I
WOULD HAVE YELLED
OUT A WARNING
TO YOU?

YOUR
WARNING
WAS TOO LATE
TO DO ME ANY
GOOD! FATE
SAVED US,
PIERRE, BUT
THINGS LOOK
AWFULLY PE-
CULIAR, ES-
PECIALLY AFTER
FINDING YOUR
SMOKING RIFLE
IN YOUR TENT!
I'M BEGINNING
TO WONDER IF
ALL THIS ISN'T
SOME KIND OF
TRAP!



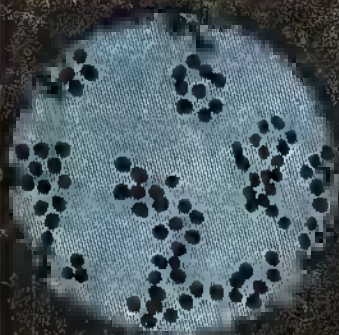
BUT WHAT
WOULD I HAVE
TO GAIN BY
KILLING YOU?
I NEED YOU TO
PROVE I WASN'T
SEEING THINGS
WHEN I SAW
THAT BEAST.

I DON'T KNOW,
PIERRE, BUT I
THINK THE BEST
THING FOR ME
TO DO IS TO
GO BACK TO
TOWN WHILE I'M
STILL ALIVE!

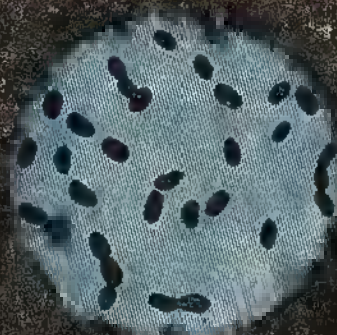


LOOK, NYOKA, I DON'T
BLAME YOU FOR FEELING
THE WAY YOU DO, BUT IT'S A
SHAME TO GET SO CLOSE
TO THE GRIFFIN AND THEN
TURN BACK! I'LL TELL
YOU WHAT I THINK
YOU OUGHT TO DO...

KILL THESE HAIR-DESTROYING GERMS



Staphylococcus albus



Corynebacterium acnes



Pityrosporum ovale

SAVE YOUR HAIR

Beware of your itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, head scales, unpleasant head odors! Nature may be warning you of approaching baldness. Heed Nature's warning! Treat your scalp to scientifically prepared Ward's Formula.

Millions of trouble-breeding bacteria, living on your sick scalp (see above) are killed on contact. Ward's Formula kills not one, but *all 3* types of these destructive scalp germs now recognized by many medical authorities as a significant cause of baldness. Kill these germs—don't risk letting them kill your hair growth.

ENJOY THESE 5 BENEFITS IMMEDIATELY

1. Kills germs that retard normal hair growth—*on contact*.
2. Removes ugly infectious dandruff—*fast*.
3. Brings hair-nourishing blood to scalp—*quickly*.
4. Stops annoying scalp itch and burn—*instantly*.
5. Starts wonderful self-massaging action—*within 3 seconds*.

Once you're bald, that's *it*, friends! There's nothing you can do. Your hair is gone forever. So are your chances of getting it back. But Ward's Formula, used as directed, keeps your sick scalp free of itchy dandruff, seborrhea, and stops the hair loss they cause. Almost at once your hair looks thicker, more attractive and alive.

We don't ask you to believe *us*. Thousands of men and women—first skeptical just as you are—have *proved* what we say. Here's our GUARANTEE. Try Ward's Formula in your own home for only 10 days. You must enjoy *all* the benefits we claim—or we return not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** on return of unused portion. You are the judge. Send no money. Pay postman only \$2 plus a few cents postage, or save postage by sending \$2 with order. **ACT NOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR. SEND COUPON TODAY!**

WARD LABORATORIES, Dept. 6607-B

19 West 44th St. New York 36, N. Y.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____

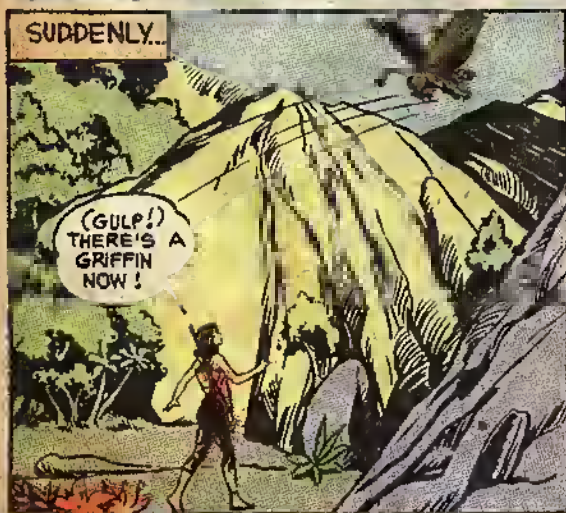
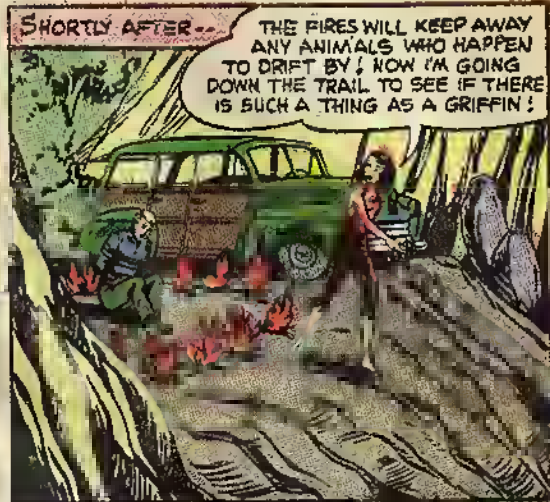
State _____

☐ I enclose \$2.00, send prepaid

☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay \$2.00 plus postage

DOUBLE MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

NYOKA



NYOKA



GATE TO DOOM



FOR HOURS the two men had trudged north through the jungle, waiting, hoping for the encircling green gloom to end. By ten o'clock the chill of morning wore off and they felt more cheerful.

Evans, the American explorer, paused as they crossed a narrow, shallow stream and took his bearings. His friend, Ben-Sahif, the eldest son of the local chief, put his knapsack down and rested.

"A good thing you aren't expecting to do any heavy digging," he said to Evans. Ben-Sahif spoke well in English, having learned the language at the British school in Aswan, at the first cataract of the Nile.

Evans frowned over his map. He tapped it impatiently with his finger.

"No need for any digging this time," he said. "In any case this trip is purely exploratory. Neifridi, the last Pharaoh of the Twenty-Third Dynasty, was buried somewhere above the Fifth Cataract of the lower Nile. I've narrowed down the possible location on this map to a three mile radius from here. It can't be south—we've covered that ground. There's just inaccessible mountains to the west and impenetrable marshes to the east. Therefore it must be north—and located on the plateau. It's high enough so that no sand could ever have covered it. That's why there'll be no necessity for digging."

Ben-Sahif chuckled. "You are a brave man, effendi Evans," he said. "The last tomb of importance uncovered in Egyptian Africa was that of Pharaoh Tutankhamen. And most of the members of the expedition that uncovered it died."

Evans looked at him gravely. "You believe those superstitions?" he asked.

Ben-Sahif shrugged. "I am of the East, you are of the West. You are scoffers in the West. In Africa we know better. No true African disbelieves in the power of curses. And you yourself told me that inscriptions found at Thebes placed a curse of death on any who broke into the tomb of Pharaoh Neifridi." He paused, shrugging and a grin

appeared on his face. "Of course, you haven't found it yet. Perhaps you need not fear for your life because you never will find the tomb!"

Evans shook his head. "I'll find it," he said. "And remember, Ben-Sahif, I am not superstitious, even if you are. I am not afraid of curses made twenty centuries ago."

"Nor am I," the other said, picking up his pack. "The curse specifically mentions those who break into the tomb. I am only a guide, effendi. I am safe, praise Allah!"

In silence they trudged on to slowly rising ground. Within fifteen minutes the jungle screen ended and they came out into open country, broiling under the hot spring sun. Evans pointed.

"The Blue Nile, Ben-Sahif," he said. "We are seeing it from a spot no man probably has ever stood before except . . ."

"The tomb, effendi, the tomb!" the other shouted excitedly, seizing Evans by the arm. "Over there, to one side of the river shore!"

Evans, his heart pounding, followed Ben-Sahif's gaze. Out of the rolling, open plain, partly hidden by dry, parched heaps of sand, appeared the blindingly white walls of an Egyptian tomb.

"Neifridi's tomb!" Evans muttered. He glanced at the map. "Yes, that's it. It looks exactly like this drawing I traced from the inscription stone in Thebes. Ben-Sahif, we've found it!"

"You would be advised to leave it in peace, effendi," Ben-Sahif said dryly. "Or, at least, be content with observing it from the outside. Remember the curse."

"Absurd," the American snapped, resuming the march. "In that tomb must be treasures of ancient art at least equal to those found in the sarcophagus of Pharaoh Tutankhamen! It would be criminal to let them lie there undiscovered because of some mythical curse no sensible person could believe. Come on!"

Ben-Sahif clutched at his arm frantically as Evans strode up to the tomb. "Wait, wait, effendi!" He pointed dramatically. "Look, the

Nile is rising, as it does every spring to water the land. Within six hours, the temple will be buried under many feet of water!"

Undeterred, Evans strode on. "We won't be staying here long, Ben-Sahif—just long enough to identify the tomb. I want to make sure it's the one I'm looking for. If it is we can return in a month with a large party!"

With the guide still trying to restrain him, Evans walked up to the gate of the tomb. A frown crossed his face as he slowly read the inscription over the stone lintel.

"It's nothing but the curse," he said, irritably. "There's not a name on it!" He stepped closer to the portal. "Here, help me with this, Ben-Sahif! The portal stone is crumbling. We can push it aside in a few moments!"

"I will not break into the tomb, effendi!" Ben-Sahif shouted.

"Then I'll do it myself!" Evans declared. Quickly, using his portable shovel and crowbar, he cleared a space in the crumbling block big enough to crawl through. "Wait for me here!" he ordered, squeezing himself through.

Ben-Sahif, distracted, muttering prayers to Allah, watched the American explorer disappear through the opening. Minutes passed. Then he heard a shout: "Ben-Sahif! Ben-Sahif! It's Neifridi's tomb! We've really found it! The inscription beside this inner gate proves it!" There was a pause, then the horrified guide heard Evans yell: "*The gate—it's moving!* By heaven, if I can open it, I'll have a look inside . . ."

The guide scrambled to the opening. Within, he saw Evans pushing frantically at a huge iron gate. An instant later a second gate crashed down before him, imprisoning Evans between them. Frightened, Ben-Sahif glanced behind him. The waters of the Nile were rising faster than he had thought. Even as he stood at the stone portal, they were advancing inch by inch up the side of the tomb.

"I will be back, effendi!" Ben-Sahif screamed. "You are trapped and I must return and find men who can cut through the gates. Hold fast!"

"Ben-Sahif—you idiot, stop!" Evans screamed. His voice, reverberating eerily in the tomb's

vast interior, issuing forth like a trumpet, only spurred Ben-Sahif on. He cast a last backward glance at the threshold which was beginning to disappear under water, threw away his knapsack to speed his steps, and entered the jungle. His father's camp, he knew, was only five miles away.

An hour later he staggered, breathless, into camp, rounded up four guards and the camp blacksmith and started back. The Blue Nile, he knew, so near its source, could rise a dozen feet in only a few hours. And the hole Evans had knocked through the outer, sealed portal was only five feet above ground level. By now, the whole, hollow tomb was probably filled with water.

Evans, beyond question, was dead, drowned.

Tired, Ben-Shaif urged the others on. Then, at a slower pace, he continued, brooding, berating himself for not having more strongly urged the American to let the dead lie in peace. Then, suddenly, he stopped, his blood freezing. Ben-Sahif's teeth chattered. He had always known of and believed in ghosts, and now . . .

Down the jungle trail, spry and laughing, talking to the four guards and the blacksmith, came the explorer, Evans!

"But—but the curse!" Ben-Sahif stammered as Evans pumped his hand. "And you were trapped by the double gates!" He glanced at Evans' boots, and gasped. "Perhaps—perhaps you didn't drown after all! Your boots are wet!"

"THE CURSE was nonsense—as are all curses!" Evans chuckled. "And I'm quite alive to prove it! But the Pharaohs knew that curses seldom stop adventurers. Pharaoh Neifridi took care that anyone breaking into his tomb would be trapped between double gates of iron inside and perish. But he forgot that the Nile would seep into his tomb every time it rose. Those iron gates were almost rusted through after soaking every spring for many centuries. After you left, I knocked them to pieces with my shovel, climbed out and got my boots wet, wading out of the Blue Nile!"

THE END

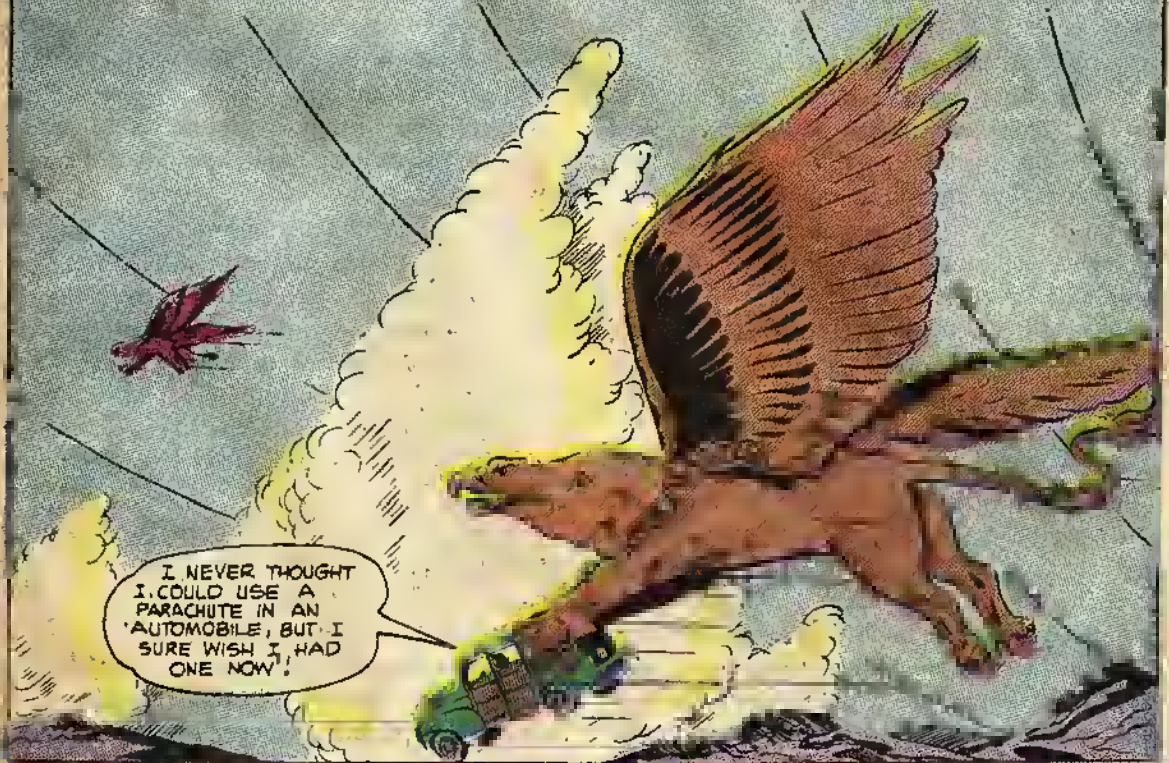
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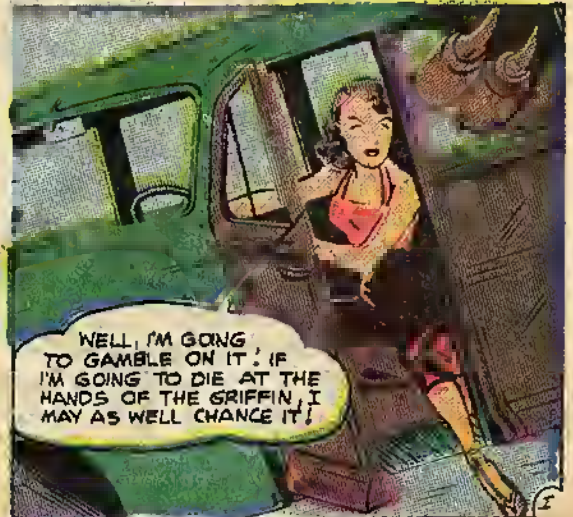
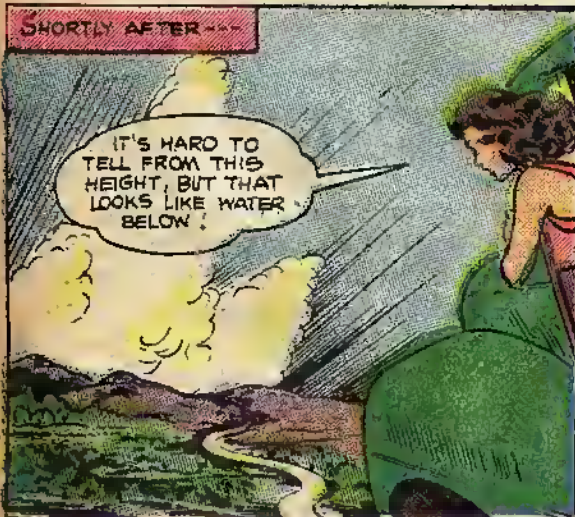
the JUNGLE GIRL

AND THE SINISTER JUNGLE MYTH

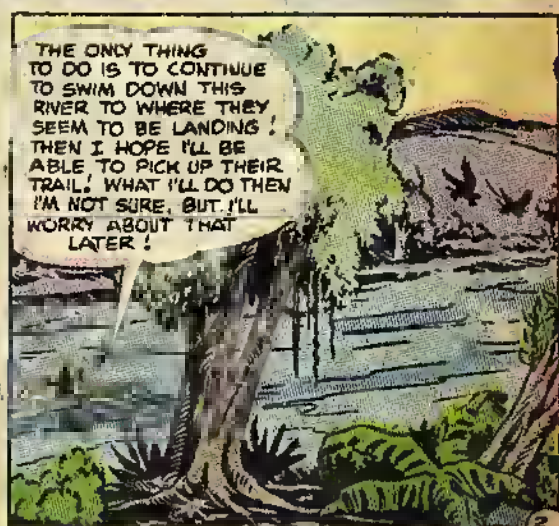
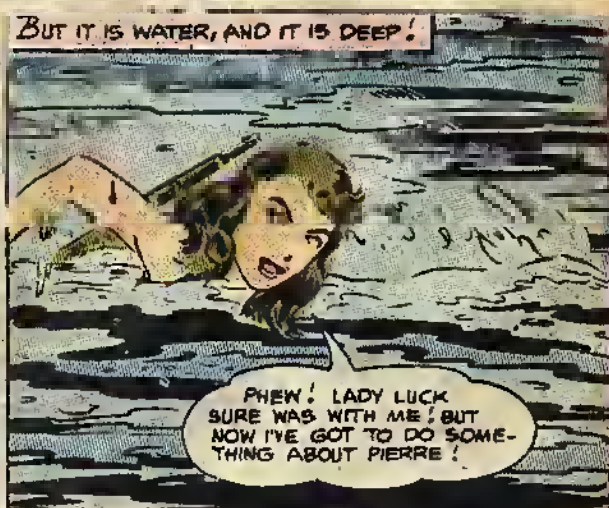
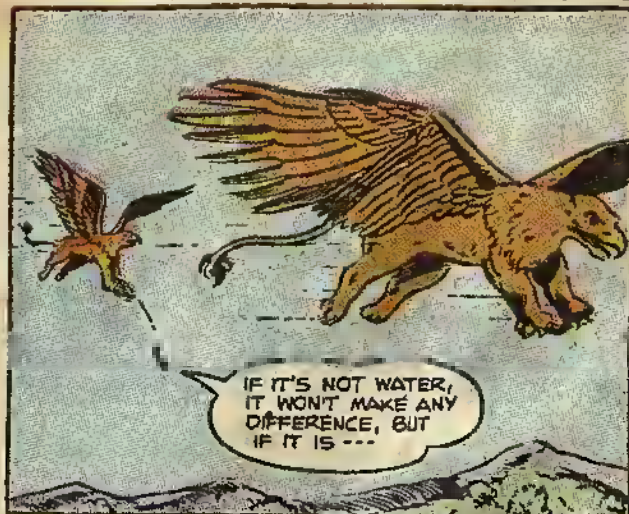
CHAPTER THREE
THE VALLEY OF FEAR !



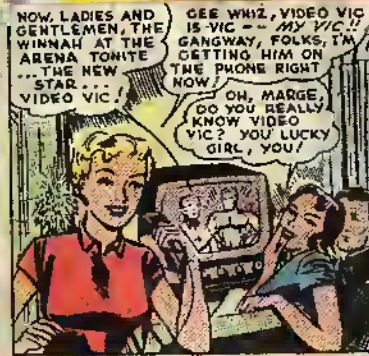
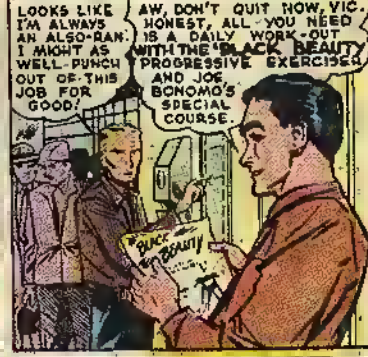
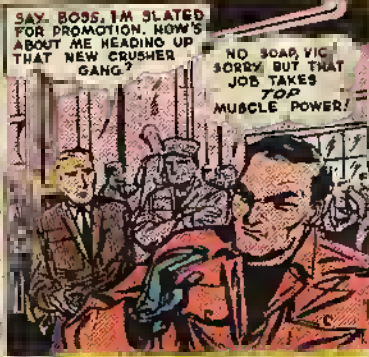
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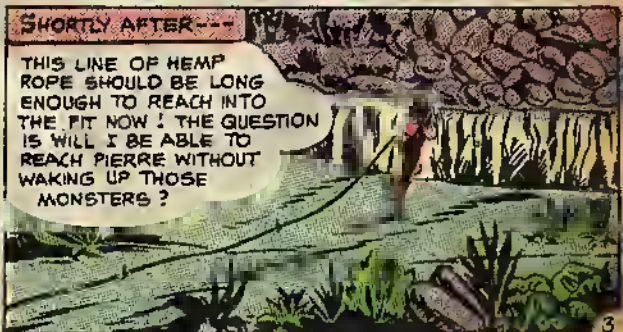
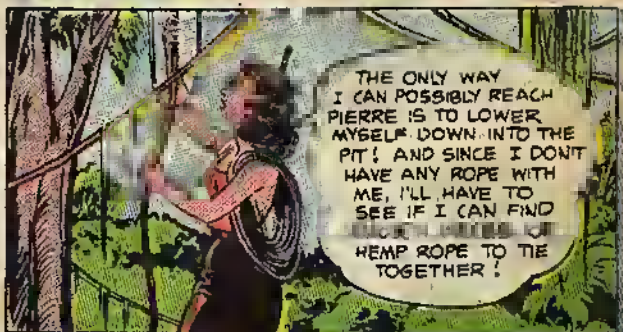
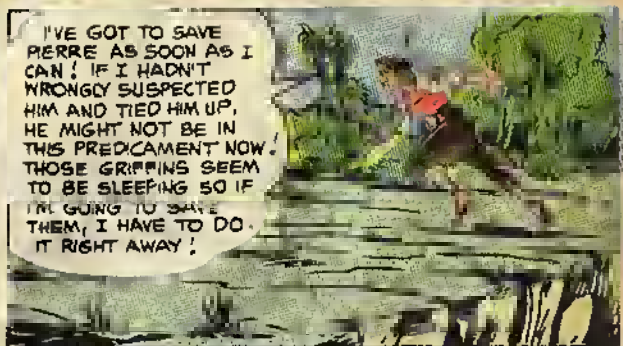
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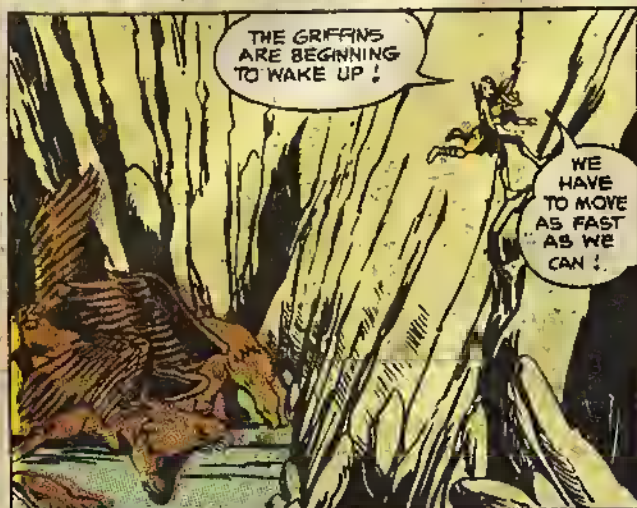
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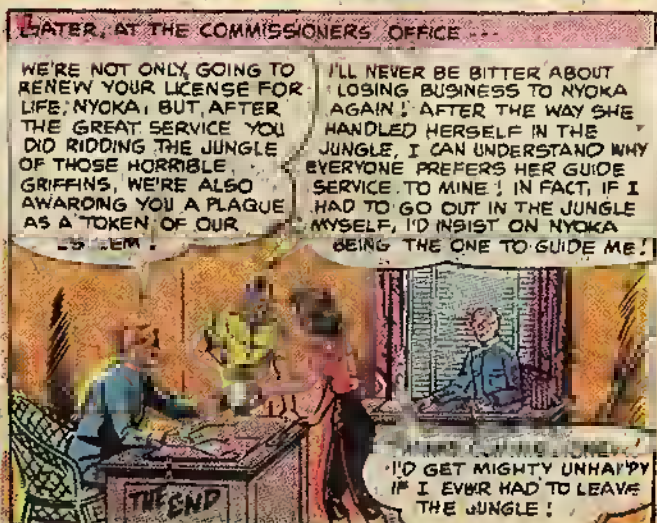
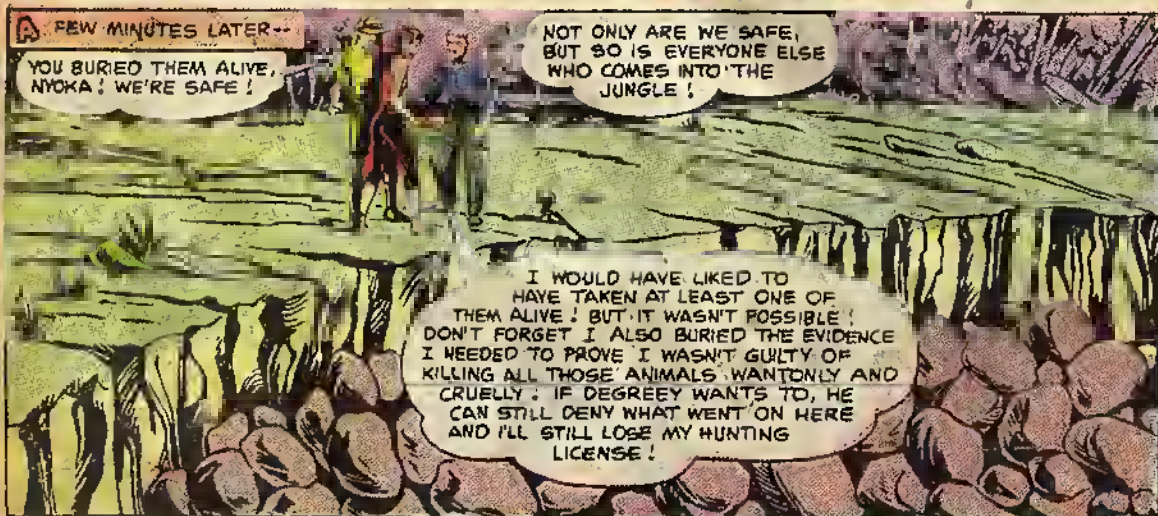
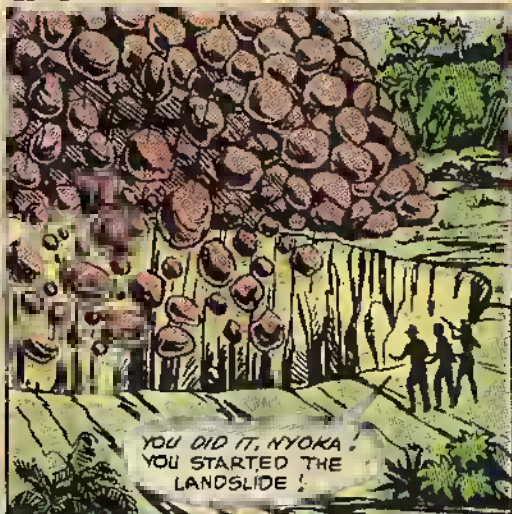
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NYOKA

JO-JO

CONGO KING

DO YOU REMEMBER? NOT LONG AGO, YOU TURNED THE DIAL OF YOUR RADIO AND HEARD, FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE AIR, THE FIERCE AND PRIMITIVE RHYTHMS OF THE GUNDOONGA DANCE! THEN A SUDDEN INTERRUPTION AND THERE CAME THE CRASHING THUNDER OF COMBAT IN THE JUNGLE AS JO-JO WENT INTO ACTION TO SAVE A FRIEND'S LIFE! RADIO MADE HISTORY THAT DAY, THANKS TO THE CONGO KING, AND IT WILL ALWAYS BE KNOWN AS THE **STARTLING BROADCAST!**

HILARY PRESCOTT AND HER FIANCE, ROBERT MURDOCK, UNLOAD RADIO EQUIPMENT AT A SMALL AFRICAN PORT...

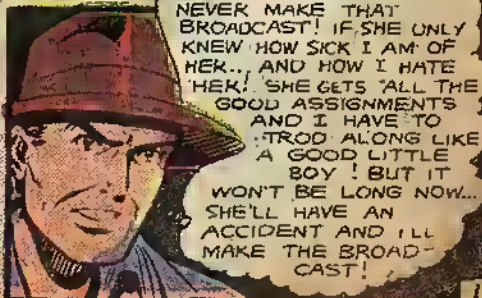
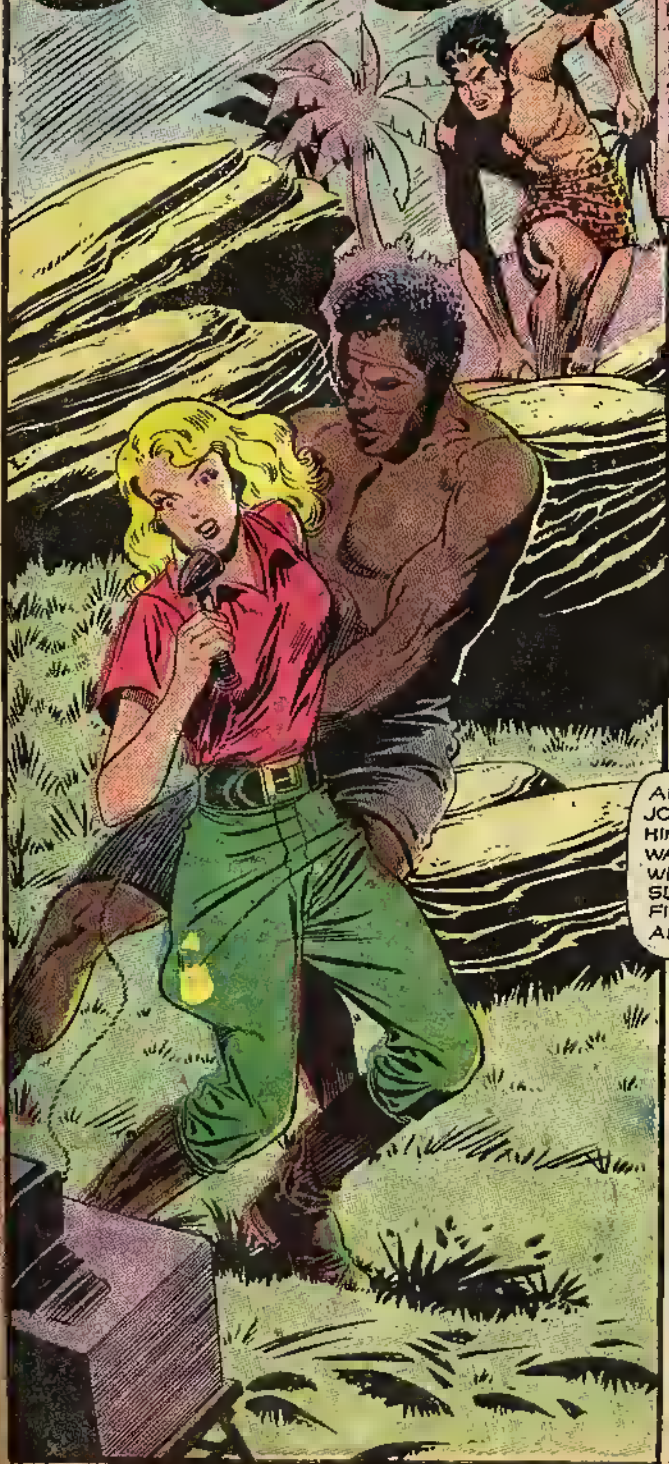
WE MADE IT AT LAST, BOB. NOW AS SOON AS WE GET THE COMMISSIONER'S PERMISSION, WE CAN START INTO THE JUNGLE. THIS BROADCAST WILL MAKE RADIO HISTORY.

YOU'RE RIGHT, HILARY, A BRILLIANT IDEA YOU HAD... BROADCASTING THE TRIBAL CEREMONIES OF THE SAVAGE GUNDOONGA TRIBE!

AND I'LL GET TO SEE JO-JO, TOO! I MET HIM THE LAST TIME I WAS HERE ON VACATION WITH MY DAD! HE'S SUCH A ROMANTIC FIGURE... SO BRAVE, AND...

YEAH... SURE! BUT YOU BETTER RUN ALONG NOW AND SEE THE COMMISSIONER AND FIND OUT WHERE YOU'RE GOING TO MEET YOUR FRIEND! I'LL LOOK AFTER THINGS HERE.

HAH... SHE'LL NEVER SEE HER FRIEND, AND SHE'LL NEVER MAKE THAT BROADCAST! IF SHE ONLY KNEW HOW SICK I AM OF HER... AND HOW I HATE HER! SHE GETS ALL THE GOOD ASSIGNMENTS AND I HAVE TO TROD ALONG LIKE A GOOD LITTLE BOY! BUT IT WON'T BE LONG NOW... SHE'LL HAVE AN ACCIDENT AND I'LL MAKE THE BROADCAST!



AND SHORTLY AFTERWARD, A NATIVE MESSENGER
LEAVES TOWN WITH NEWS FOR JO-JO...

NYOKA

AIEEE... WHAT DOES
THE WHITE BWANA
DO SO FAR FROM
TOWN? DOES HE
THEN HAVE
ANOTHER MESSAGE
FOR ME?

HERE'S THE
MESSENGER
NOW. THIS
SHOULD BE
EASY.

HERE, BOY! A
TICKING TIME
MACHINE ALL FOR
YOUR OWN! GIVE
ME THE TALKING
PAPER YOU HAVE
AND PUT THIS ONE
IN ITS PLACE. AND
SPEAK NOT ABOUT
THIS, OR YOU
WILL
SUFFER.

WAA... THE
COMMISSIONER
WILL BE WRATH-
FUL, IF HE FINDS
OUT! THE
MESSAGE IS
FOR JO-JO!
BUT ALWAYS
I HAVE WANTED
A TIME DIAL. I
WILL DO IT.

HO... THAT OUGHT TO PUT A
SPOKE IN JO-JO'S WHEEL!
HE'LL THINK THE MESSAGE
IS FROM THE COMMISSIONER...
AND HE'LL HAVE A LONG
WAIT FOR US! I TOLD HIM A
SPOT A HUNDRED MILES FROM
THE REAL LOCATION. WITH
HIM OUT OF THE WAY, I CAN
DEAL WITH HILARY AT MY
LEISURE. SO SIMPLE
FOR A CLEVER
FELLOW...



AS JO-JO RECEIVES THE
MESSAGE NEXT DAY...

HO... GREAT JO-JO!
I HAVE COME FAR
WITH THIS TALKING
PAPER. IT IS FROM
BWANA COMMISSIONER.

THE
COMMISSIONER,
EH? GOOD
MAN! MUST BE
IMPORTANT, OR HE
WOULDN'T HAVE
SENT YOU. REST
HERE FOR TONIGHT
IF YOU WISH. MY
PEOPLE WILL
FEED AND
ENTERTAIN
YOU.

HMMM...
WHOEVER
SENT THIS
WASN'T COMMISSIONER
BLODGETT! SOMEONE IS
TRYING TO PERPLEX
ONE FOR SOME REASON.
BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW
THAT THE COMMISSIONER
ALWAYS SIGNS A SECRET
CIPHER TO HIS MESSAGES...
JUST TO PREVENT SUCH
THINGS AS THIS. AND
THERE'S NO SIGN ON THIS
MESSAGE! LOOKS LIKE
TROUBLE OF SOME KIND...
GOT TO QUESTION
THAT MESSENGER
AGAIN!

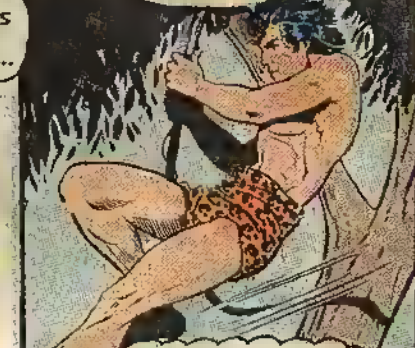
JO-JO FINDS THAT THE MESSENGER
HAS ALREADY LEFT THE
VILLAGE...

SOMETHING WEIRD, ALL RIGHT,
THAT FELLOW DIDN'T EVEN
STAY TO DINE! BUT HE CAME
THIS WAY. I SHOULD CATCH
UP WITH HIM BEFORE
LONG. THEN HE'LL TALK
FOR JO-JO!



THE BEST OF PLANS ARE
SOMETIMES RUDELY
SHATTERED...

OOO... DIDN'T COUNT ON
THIS! AND JUST WHEN I'M IN
A HURRY AND DON'T REALLY
WANT TO FIGHT! BUT NO HELP
FOR IT NOW... GOT TO TAKE
CARE OF THESE HAIRY
ONES BEFORE THEY TAKE
CARE OF ME!



THIS ONE IS THE
LEADER! AND HE'S
MIGHTY STRONG, BUT IF I
CAN GET HIM BEFORE THE
REST GET COURAGE ENOUGH
TO ATTACK ME, I MIGHT HAVE A
CHANCE. GOT TO FIND A
VITAL SPOT WITH MY BLADE.



G-GOT TO TWIST BEFORE WE HIT THE GROUND! IF THIS 400 POUNDS OF GORILLA LANDS ON TOP OF ME, I'LL BE CRUSHED... AND NOT MUCH TIME... THOSE OTHERS ARE CLOSING IN. COME ON, JO-JO! GOING TO NEED ALL YOUR STRENGTH FOR THIS ONE!



AT LAST! ONE MORE... GASP... A THRUST AND I'VE GOT HIM! THEN A DOZEN MORE TO DEAL WITH, UNLESS THE BEATING OF THEIR LEADER, FRIGHTENS THEM OFF. AND ALL THE TIME THAT MESSENGER IS GETTING FARTHER AWAY.



I THOUGHT SO. THEY'RE LIKE A LOT OF HUMANS I KNOW! TAKE AWAY THEIR LEADER AND THEY CAN'T FIGHT ANY LONGER. A GOOD THING FOR ME, TOO. I'VE GOT TO CATCH THAT MAN BEFORE HE GETS CLEAR AWAY.

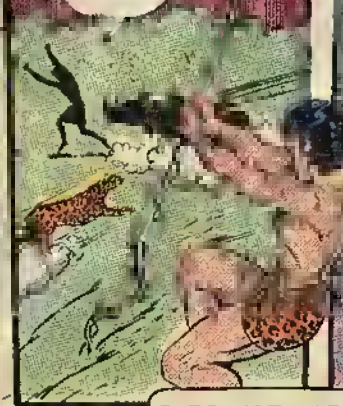


BUT TROUBLE SOMETIMES COMES IN BUNCHES AND NOT LONG AFTERWARD...

MORE GRIEF! THERE'S MY MAN... AND IF I WANT TO GET ANY INFORMATION OUT OF HIM I'VE GOT TO ACT FAST. THAT BRUTE WILL MAKE FAST WORK OF HIM..



THE HORNS COME AT MY BODY!



THIS TIME JO-JO IS TOO LATE TO ASSIST A FELLOW HUMAN OR EVEN TO PUNISH THE HORNED ONE, FOR HIS NATURAL ENEMY WILL DO THAT.



SORRY, FRIEND, BUT YOU'RE GOING HOW ABOUT TELLING ME THE TRUTH ABOUT THE MESSAGE? WHO GAVE IT TO YOU TO DELIVER TO ME? I KNOW IT WASN'T THE COMMISSIONER.

OOOO... YOU SPEAK TRUTH! MY ANCESTORS BECKON TO ME. I TELL YOU ALL I KNOW, JO-JO! WHITE BWANA TOOK THE OTHER MESSAGE AND GAVE ME THE FALSE ONE. HE GAVE ME A PRESENT... THE SMALL DIAL...



I DO NOT WISH TO GO BAD! I HEARD A LADY AND THE BWANA COMMISSIONER SPEAKING... SHE HAS SAFARI, WHICH IS TO MEET YOU AT THE WATERING PLACE OF THE GUNDOONGA. THE MESSAGE I BROUGHT LIED ABOUT THE MEETING PLACE...



BUT WHO IS THIS ROBERT MURDOCK?... AND THE WOMAN WHO WANTS TO MEET ME AT THE WATERING PLACE? IT IS PLAIN THAT THE MAN ATTEMPTS TO PREVENT THIS. HE WOULD SEND ME ON A WILD HUNT ELSEWHERE... BUT WHY? SUCH THINGS I DO NOT UNDERSTAND... BUT AT LEAST I NOW KNOW WHERE TO GO TO FIND THE ANSWERS TO THIS MYSTERY!



MEANTIME, THE SAFARI REACHES THE WATERING SPOT OF THE SAVAGE GUNDOONGA TRIBE...

NYOKA

I DON'T LIKE IT! BOB, JO-JO SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW... IF HE GOT MY MESSAGE.

DON'T WORRY, KID. PROBABLY SOME MINOR DELAY.

HAH... NOT SO MINOR, EITHER.

THIS PLACE IS NOT GOOD. THE GUNDOONGA PEOPLE ARE FIERCE... AND ONLY JO-JO CAN SAVE US... AND HE DOES NOT COME.

AND THAT NIGHT, HILARY TRIES FUTILELY TO SLEEP... HOURS NOW, AND JO-JO HASN'T COME YET, AND EVERYTHING IS SO QUIET! I'M FRIGHTENED AND I'LL ADMIT IT. THINK I'LL GO TALK THINGS OVER WITH BOB...

BOB WILL LAUGH AT ME, I KNOW. CALL ME A 'FRIDY CAT! BUT, I CAN'T HELP IT! SOMETHING HAS GONE WRONG... I FEEL IT IN MY BONES! AND HE IS THE ONLY PERSON I CAN DEPEND ON ABSOLUTELY...



HE'S GONE! BUT WHERE? AND WHY? AND HE DIDN'T SAY A WORD. OH... AND HIS BED IS FIXED TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE SOMEONE IS SLEEPING IN IT. SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO HIM... PERHAPS EVEN THE SAVAGES HAVE GOT HIM PRISONER!

POOR HILARY! IF SHE COULD BUT SEE HER "LOVER" AT THE MOMENT.



YOU UNDERSTAND CLEARLY, CHIEF! YOU ATTACK AND TAKE THE GIRL! SHE IS YOURS TO DO WITH AS YOU WANT! BUT THEN YOUR TRIBE STAGES A CEREMONY AND YOU LET ME BROADCAST IT... THEN YOU ESCORT ME BACK TO THE COAST.

HOLEEE... YOU MADE THE BARGAIN, WHITE ONE! ALWAYS HAVE I WISHED SUCH A BRIDE! WE DO DANCE FOR YOU AFTER I TAKE HER. THEN MY WARRIORS TAKE YOU SAFE TO BIG WATER. IT IS AGREED!

YOU LAUGH AT THAT ONE BEHIND STRAIGHT FACE, MY CHIEF? SURELY YOU WILL ALSO GET HIM WHEN WE ATTACK!

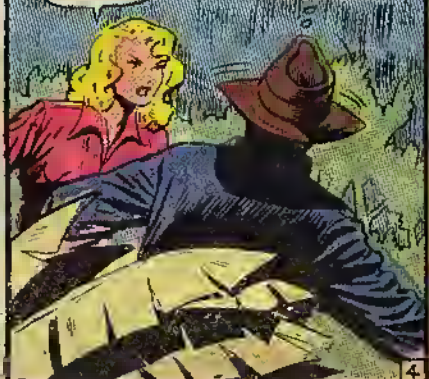
YOU ARE A FOOL, MOONGI! I WILL KEEP MY WORD IF HE KEEP HIS! HE WILL PRETEND TO FIGHT, BUT HIS FIRESTICK WILL MISS OUR WARRIORS. THEN LET NO HARM COME TO HIM

LOOKS LIKE SUCCESS AT LAST. I'LL PRETEND TO FIGHT LIKE MAD TO PROTECT HILARY, AND LATER, THE PORTERS WILL SWEAR TO IT! BUT THEY'LL GET HER... AND I'LL GET TO DO THE BROADCAST! WHAT A REPUTATION I'LL MAKE... GIVE THEM ALL THE DETAILS OF HILARY'S CAPTURE. THIS WILL MAKE ME A GREAT MAN IN RADIO...

BOB, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN WORRIED... LOOKING ALL OVER FOR YOU! SEEMS STRANGE THAT YOU WOULD BE ROAMING AROUND IN THE JUNGLE AT NIGHT!

OH... IT'S YOU, HILARY. I WAS, ER, JUST TAKING A WALK. COULDN'T SLEEP.

HUM. SHE SOUNDS SUSPICIOUS.



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BUT BEFORE HILARY CAN ASK MORE QUESTIONS.

JO-JO! YOU'VE COME AT LAST! DON'T YOU REMEMBER ME? HILARY PRESCOTT...

INDEED I REMEMBER! WHAT BRINGS YOU AGAIN TO MY JUNGLE, MISS PRESCOTT?

BUT DIDN'T YOU GET THE COMMISSIONER'S MESSAGE EXPLAINING THE BROADCAST? AND I WANT YOU TO MEET MY ASSISTANT, BOB MURDOCK. WE'RE ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED...

THE ANSWER TO JO-JO'S SILENT QUESTION COMES ALMOST IMMEDIATELY...

JO-JO! THAT NATIVE BETRAYED ME! I'VE GOT TO THINK FAST...

MURDOCK! THEN IT WAS HIS WATCH! HE SWITCHED MESSAGES! BUT WHY?

NATIVES ATTACK! METHINKS JO-JO ARRIVED AT THE RIGHT TIME! THIS COULDN'T BE WHAT MR. MURDOCK WANTED ME TO MISS... OR COULD IT?

HELP! JO-JO! DON'T LET THEM TAKE ME!

ALL THIS IS VERY SUSPICIOUS! GOT TO GET RID OF THOSE WARRIORS... BUT FIRST, THE GIRL...

ASIDE, SONS OF JUNGLE SERPENTS! I WILL NOT FORGET THIS DAY, AND JUSTICE WILL FIND YOU OUT TO PAY FOR SUCH CONDUCT!

THE WHITE BWANA GAVE US NO WARNING OF JO-JO! WAH...

CAN'T GO THROUGH WITH MY PLAN NOW... GOT TO PLAY ALONG... BUT MOST IMPORTANT, I'VE GOT TO GET THAT CHIEF BEFORE HE SPILLS ALL HE KNOWS TO JO-JO!

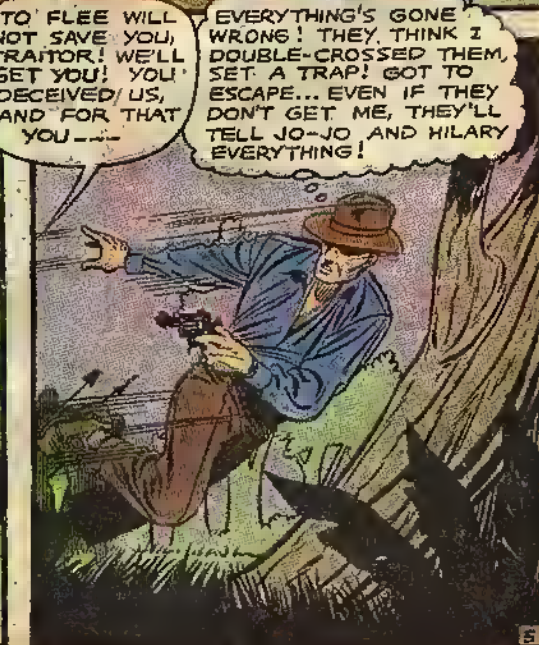
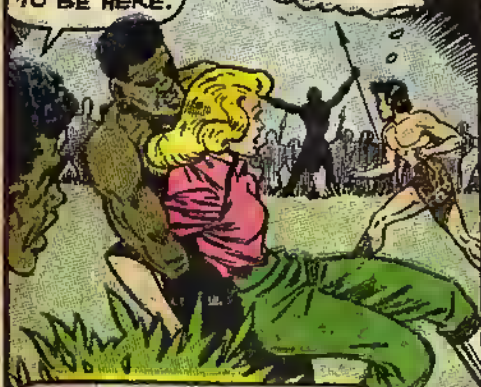
WAH! WE DID NOT EXPECT THE CONGO KINGS TO BE HERE!

FOOLS! FORGET THE WHITE GIRL AND GET THE ONE WHO LIED TO US! HE VOWED HIS FIRESTICK WOULD NEVER BE TURNED UPON MY MEN! SLAY HIM!

DARN IT! I MISSED HIM... IF JO-JO COULD SEE ME, HE'D THINK I WAS ON HIS SIDE, BUT HE'S TOO BUSY FIGHTING!

TO FLEE WILL NOT SAVE YOU, TRAITOR! WE'LL GET YOU! YOU'VE DECEIVED US, AND FOR THAT YOU...

EVERYTHING'S GONE WRONG! THEY THINK I DOUBLE-CROSSED THEM, SET A TRAP! GOT TO ESCAPE... EVEN IF THEY DON'T GET ME, THEY'LL TELL JO-JO AND HILARY EVERYTHING!



NYOKA

CAN'T LET EVEN A WORTHLESS ONE LIKE MURDOCK GO LIKE THAT! THE NATIVES SEEM TO THINK HE BETRAYED THEM SOME WAY... I WANT TO KNOW THE TRUTH OF THIS MATTER!

HELP! MERCY! DON'T HURT ME! HELP!

PLEASE LISTEN, CHIEF! I DIDN'T KNOW JO-JO WOULD COME! I ARRANGED IT DIFFERENTLY! HONEST, I DIDN'T SET A TRAP FOR YOU!

JO... WHY... V-Y...

SAVE ME, JO-JO! I'LL CONFESS EVERYTHING!

I DON'T PERMIT VIOLENCE IN MY JUNGLE. THAT IS THE ONLY REASON I HALT THIS THING!

YOU LIE, WHITE MAN! MANY OF MY WARRIORS HAVE BEEN SLAIN... NOW YOU...

WAH... IT IS PLAIN NOW!

YOU ARE AS WICKED AS THE MAN WHO LED YOU! HE WILL BE TURNED OVER TO HIS OWN LAW.

I BOW TO YOU, JO-JO! SPARE ME! YOU ARE RULER IN ALL THE JUNGLE... SPARE ME!

... HE BARGAINED WITH US. FOR THE GIRL AS MY BRIDE, I WAS TO SPARE HIM AND LET HIM SEE OUR DANCE.

HE USED STRANGE WORDS WHICH I DID NOT UNDERSTAND, BUT HE SAID PEOPLES ALL OVER THE WORLD WOULD HEAR OUR DANCE AND MUSIC!

SO THAT WAS IT! INSTEAD OF LOVING HILARY, HE HATED HER! HATED WORKING UNDER HER! HE WANTED HER OUT OF THE WAY SO HE COULD POSE AS A HERO AND A LOST LOVER AT THE SAME TIME!

SHE IS BRAVE. SHE KNOWS NOT WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO HER, YET SHE FULFILLS HER JOB!

AND SO FOR THE FIRST TIME IN BROADCASTING HISTORY, I HAVE BROUGHT YOU THE TRUE VOICE OF A JUNGLE BATTLE IN ALL ITS SAVAGRY...

THIS IS HILARY PRESCOTT, SIGNING OFF...

AND WHEN JO-JO EXPLAINS TO HILARY...

OOO... HOW COULD HE? HOW COULD ANY MAN BE SO BAD? A-AND I... I LOVED HIM...

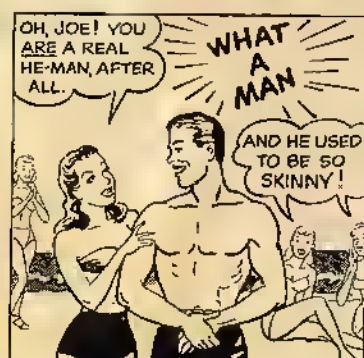
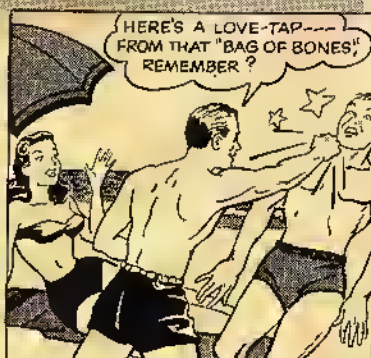
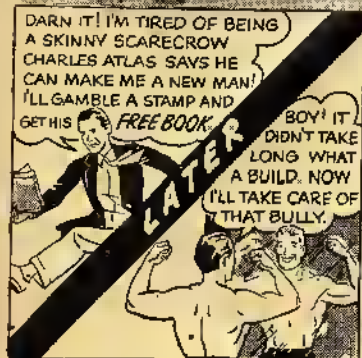
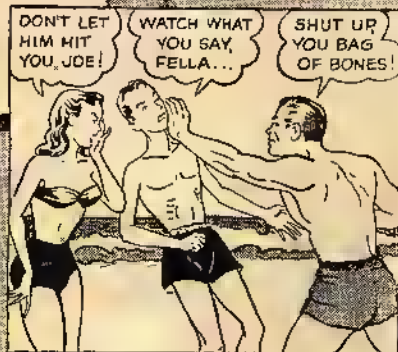
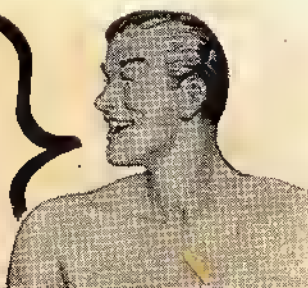
BE CALM, SMALL ONE. THE STRANGEST OF THINGS ARE DISGUISED FORTUNES!

AND HERE IS MY WORD TO ALL OF YOU! YOU'VE SEEN WHAT HAPPENS WHEN TREACHERY AND DECEIT ENTER INTO A PERSON'S MIND! HATRED AND ENVY ALWAYS BRING THEIR OWN REWARD... AND NEVER IS SUCH A REWARD GOOD!





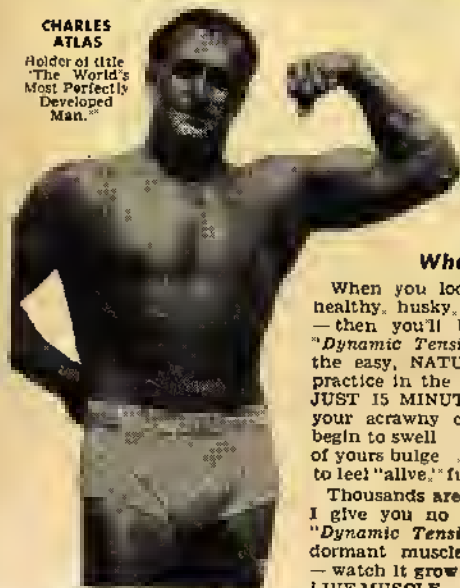
**Hey
SKINNY!**
...YER RIBS
ARE SHOWING!



I Can Make YOU a New Man, Too, In Only 15 Minutes a Day!

CHARLES ATLAS

Holder of title
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Most Perfectly
Developed
Man."



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When you look in the mirror and see a healthy, husky, fellow smiling back at you — then you'll be astonished at how fast "Dynamic Tension" GETS RESULTS! It is the easy, NATURAL method and you can practice in the privacy of your own room — JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY Just watch your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles begin to swell those spindly arms and legs of yours bulge and your whole body starts to feel "alive," full of zip and go!

Thousands are becoming husky — my way I give you no gadgets to fool with. With "Dynamic Tension" you simply utilize the dormant muscle-power in your own body — watch it grow and multiply into real, solid LIVE MUSCLE.

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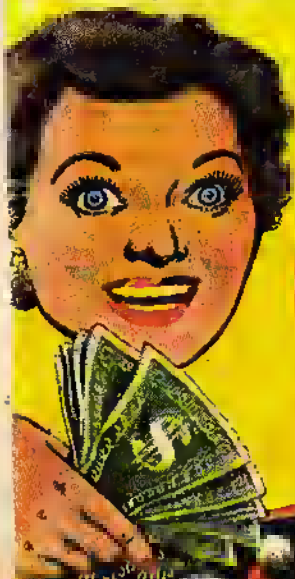
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